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What Must The Ghost Of Ananias Think?

ON Saturday night last a young merchant of this city was killed and his place robbed by some robbers and murderers. The crime shocked and horrified the city. But commenting upon it on Monday evening, the Deseret News, in the course of a rambling article, after stating that a gentleman had, on a journey here from California, recently encountered in a short distance "no less than forty tramps headed this way," added: "It is one of the curses that inevitably follow the establishment of temples of vice in any community." We might construe that literally and ask if "the spirit of apostasy" has come upon the News, but we prefer to ask the News a few questions: (1) Under whose absolute rule and safeguard were the first temples of vice established here? (2) Who built and still own the costliest of those temples? (3) Were they not having unrestrained license to carry on their business when that absolute rule was broken and the city heard the first note of progress that had been sounded here for years? (4) What other agency except the Deseret News has for nearly four years past been falsely advertising the government here as one of misrule? (5) In all the half century before that, when blood-atoners walked these streets, when the police force was made up of thugs, and when "holy elders" of the church which the News says is the only true church, were establishing, furnishing and finding inmates for those temples of vice, did the News utter one protest?

Within an hour after the murder and robbery on Saturday night, through the adroitness, sagacity, instinctive perception and vigilance of one man, those murderers and robbers were safely caged. Could the News have had its way, where would that man have been? Did it not for many months and years pursue him? Did it not publish the statements of bunco steerers, hold-ups, confessed thieves and harlots, as truthful statements, and on them try and convict this man daily? It at the same time being in a conspiracy to pursue him with false charges to his ruin.

And this is the organ, a part of whose record is truthfully given above, that for fifty years was busy in condoning offenses, compounding felonies, justifying horrible crimes, and helping to shield criminals, that has suddenly become fearfully concerned about the maladministration of this city's government and the carnival of crime. Could hypocrisy and falsehood go further?

Some desperadoes stopped off here a few days ago; they committed the murder and robbery in the evening, in an hour they were behind the bars of the jail. Was that work by a city police ever excelled? Will that cause other would-be murderers and robbers to come here?

A hundred reports have come from the west of late that California was literally overrun by tramps this last winter. It is time for the spring work over there, and doubtless California is making it hot for men who will not work when there is plenty of work to do, and they are swarming along the railroads. Those who have taken to the Southern Pacific are of necessity traveling west. Some of them may come here. Their business in life is to go and come. But how long will they be able to remain here? And what proof do they supply that they are coming this

way because the city of Salt Lake offers them any encouragement to come?

From every source except the Deseret News, all the word that has gone out from Salt Lake for months has been that the city is prospering as never before, and more working men are employed here and at better wages, than in any city of the size of this one on all this round world.

What, then, is the object of the foul croakings of this journalistic bird of prey that is continually fouling its own nest? Does its religion require that kind of boosting? If it does, what kind of a religion is it?

Was ever a spectacle so grotesque seen before? A newspaper that on its first page parades the motto of "Truth and Liberty" as its symbol, and claims to be the official organ of the only true church of Christ on earth, and on its fourth page bears more false witness against its fellow-men than can be found in any other dozen publications on earth. Where in the history of the Saviour does it find its authority for this? And just on the eve of conference, when all young Utah will know how it is lying. Go To!

Editor Carnegie

IT is said Andy Carnegie intends to start a newspaper. One paper looks upon it as a sign that Andy never will get out of trouble; another that it is a clear proof that he intends to die poor. Our own idea is that if he starts a newspaper it will be in the interest of his own soul. He is very rich, naturally a little vain, and he has been petted and praised and puffed up so much of late, that we suspect the thought has taken hold of him that what he is and what he has done is due altogether to the great heartedness and great headedness of Andy himself.

Now, we do not know the man, who, as a rule, does not feel competent to either run a newspaper right, or to superintend a quartz mine, and we suspect that Andy, deep down, has an idea that with a newspaper through which he can be heard daily, he will establish that, had he not chosen to be a steel king, he would have been the greatest editor in the world.

And that is what, perhaps, is to save his soul. He is perfectly satisfied, no doubt, that he can write anywhere from three to seven columns a day, that will come upon the world, very much as what happened when on that first morning of creation God said, "Let there be light." And that is where we think there is a chance to save Andy's soul.

He will be very prolific and profound the first three days. After that he will begin to feel a sort of all-goneness in his intellectual stomach. By the end of the first week he will wonder what in the world men find to fill a newspaper with every day. At the end of two weeks he will discover that his head is, after all, a reservoir, and not a spring, and it will make him modest. At the end of the fourth week he will heartily wish that he had never established the paper, and the chances are he will be looking around for brilliant writers, to fill the space that he thought he could fill without any trouble.

To succeed generally, men have to be trained to some employment. No man would take a broken watch to a blacksmith; no man would trust a severe case of illness to a quack, knowingly; no man would permit a chump to put out for him an asparagus bed; but most any man thinks that neither training nor careful preparation has

anything to do with running a newspaper. That what is needed is a man in whose hand "the pen is entirely great," and the majority of them think that they have the hand. After a few weeks' trial they are sadder but wiser men, and we suspect it will be that way with Mr. Carnegie.

Hereditary Fears

RICHMOND castle in England is about to become the property of the government. The London Times tells about it. It was founded by one Alan Rufus, one of the sons of the duke of Richmond, who was prominent in the suppression of the Saxons. Later it passed into the possession of Edmund Tudor, who married Margaret Beaufort, and they were the father and mother of Henry VII. Henry was born Earl of Richmond and he bestowed the title upon the magnificent palace which, when king of England, he built upon the banks of the Thames.

The only curious thing about it all is that the curfew is still rung from the towers of Richmond castle at 6 a. m. and 8 p. m., a custom which has continued ever since the time of William the Conqueror.

When we read the nervous articles being published on the comet which is coming in May, and the tone of half-fear which accompanies them, we wonder if there is not something like heredity in men's hopes and fears and customs. Ringing the curfew on Richmond castle is simply continuing a custom that has come down through the centuries, and the half doubtful articles on the comet, perhaps, have come down the same way, a sort of hereditary custom, because four hundred years ago the coming of this same comet presaged a fear which spread through whole states, and the boldest did not breathe free until it finally shook its tail clear and made off into space out of sight.

We presume it will do the same this year. There is no reason to expect any more danger from it than has accompanied it in half a dozen other visits which it has made to this part of the universe. Indeed, there is nothing about it, so far as scientists can discover, that would in the least affect the earth if it should envelop it, except, perhaps, there would be some heavy rains; because the idea of astronomers is that the comet is a little like the prospector when he starts out on the desert. He is a little particular about how much food he takes, but he is very particular about the water he takes, and if he expects to be gone three days, he takes water enough for four or five, because to be out on the desert on a hot day, and to know that the water keg is empty, has a tendency to make people very thirsty. Often they do not feel the thirst until they find that the stopper is out of the big bottle, and the water has been lost. Then they are nearly choked.

But there is another feature about this comet which no scientist has yet been able to explain, and that is that at the near approach of one of these wanderers with the "flaming hair," the passions of men and nations seem to be aroused. Among themselves men want to fight; among themselves nations are ready for a row. That part we do not pretend to explain. It probably will be explained one of these days when men perfectly understand the working of electricity. But it is a singular fact that heretofore, at the coming of this comet, there have been wars among nations, and there have been fierce wran-